

The Evening World.

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POLICEMEN WHO BECOME WATCHMEN.

TESTIMONY before the Meyer Committee shows something is wrong with the system under which retired policemen work as private watchmen.

Many policemen are retired before they are fifty. They enjoy a half-pay pension. It is natural they should keep on working, but the prevailing system of seeking employment under private "detective agencies" opens up all sorts of opportunities for graft, favoritism and extortion.

Policemen are better fitted for this private police work than for anything else. But it should be regulated. Wouldn't it be better to recognize this fact and organize the pensioned watchmen into a single organization accountable to the Police Commissioner and for whose actions he would be held responsible?

While policemen are drawing pensions, it would be reasonable to require them to submit to supervision and regulation if they engage in quasi police work. Provide that if policemen go into "private detective work," except through the regular organization, they must forfeit all or part of their pensions.

Perhaps there is a more feasible method of regulation than the one we have outlined, but it is evident the city should have more direct supervision of the men who are collecting police pensions.

MISJUDGED HIS MAN.

THE President went out of his way to make trouble for himself when he personally tried to force I. C. Thoreson, present Surveyor General of the Land Office for the Utah District, to resign his job.

The President's letter to Mr. Thoreson is frank to the point of crudity. After dwelling on the desirability of having in responsible positions men "who are in full sympathy with the purposes and plans of the Administration," the President wrote:

"I need not tell you of the current demand for the recognition of aspirants within our party for consideration in the matter of patronage. I take you to be a practical man who knows of these developments with a sweeping change in national administration. Under all these circumstances I would very much like to have a new appointment in the office which you occupy."

To which Surveyor General Thoreson, as "a practical man," replied:

"I cannot understand how the plans and policies of the Administration can in any way change or modify the formal duties of a Surveyor General. The surveys of the public lands under the specific directions and appropriations by Congress, making and approving plans and field notes thereof and paying the expenses incurred thereby, are the sole duties of said office. Every employee therein is in the civil service. No material changes have been or can be made therein by any Administration. "Were this service affected by foreign policies or even domestic conditions, I would admit the consistency for a change, but in the face of the facts I cannot do so."

Those who read Mr. Thoreson's letter in full will recognize in it an unusually convincing, dignified arraignment of the whole miserable system of party patronage as it interferes with the continuity of efficient service in non-political jobs.

Those who read President Harding's letter will find in it only a bald request to clear the track for a patronage appointment—with a few polite phrases thrown in for form's sake.

Surely a strange and unseemly position for a President to get himself into.

No doubt he took Mr. Thoreson for "too practical a man" to resist long enough to attract the attention of the country.

NEW SOURCES OF GASOLINE?

SEVERAL years ago Louis Enrich, chemist, of Farmingdale, L. I., caused something of a sensation by claiming discovery of a "green chemical" that would produce gasoline at 2 cents a gallon.

But the Standard Oil Company is still doing business at the old stand, and gasoline prices have soared meanwhile. The "green chemical" didn't do what was claimed for it.

So it is only natural the public should be skeptical of Enrich's latest announcement that he has a process for producing cheap gasoline from peat. The public is willing to be shown, but it wants absolute proof before it will excite itself again.

Nevertheless, there is nothing improbable in the idea of getting motor fuel from peat. Peat contains the raw material for synthetic gasoline. Natural gasoline is the product of Nature's laboratories working on substances similar to peat. Coal, petroleum and natural gas come from prehistoric beds of peat which have been compressed and changed far underground.

So it is possible that man may be able to mimic Nature's laboratories and produce even

life from peat. If Chemist Enrich has not done so, some other chemist will. Then if the process is commercially practical, the flivver owner will welcome the new synthetic fuel.

Our petroleum supplies are diminishing at an alarming rate. Before many years are gone synthetic motor fuels will be a necessity. Chemists have every inducement to perfect processes for extracting gasoline from peat, shales, lignites and coal.

"A COMPLETELY USEFUL AGENT."

WHILE Senator Borah and others of the bitter-end, no-foreign-entanglement brigade in the Senate are training their guns on President Harding's peace treaty with Germany, let us recall words with which only a year ago next month, in a speech at Akron, O., Mr. Harding reassured an audience of his fellow-Americans:

"I would not want to be your President unless you are going to give us a Republican Congress to translate Republican promises into legislative enactment. If I am going to serve you, I want the Government to have the machinery with which to serve, and I promise you that under Republican Administration the Congress is going to resume its constitutional functions."

"It is very important to have a majority in the United States Senate, and you ought always to think of the Senate as saving to you your American liberties."

"I think we should have succeeded this year in harmonizing the Senate into a completely useful agent if it had not been for the interference of the Chief Executive, who was not satisfied with running his own end of Pennsylvania Avenue."

How about the present year? Does President Harding see his Republican majority in the Senate "harmonized into a completely useful agent" for carrying out his wishes?

Will it even ratify his foreign policy without a formidable row?

The fault is with Republican Senators who will not understand that the President cannot do each and every thing he said he would do when he was bidding for campaign support from conflicting factions in his party.

When it comes to "saving American liberties," it is sad to see a Republican Senate out of step.

But this year, of course, the trouble cannot be at the White House end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

DRIVE HOME THE LESSON.

THE present state of suspended animation of the Fordney Tariff Bill is the direct result of public opinion acting on Congress and the Administration.

Those who believed that Will Hays knew what he was talking about when he urged caution in tariff-making in his Cleveland speech have confirmation in the lukewarm attitude of Senator Penrose, who is the tariff boss in the Senate. The Finance Committee, he predicts, cannot give proper study to the American valuation plan in less than sixty days, and Senator Penrose doesn't seem to care much whether his associates ever get to it.

Tariff revision is shelved for the present. But it is not the time for relaxation of opposition to the present Tariff Bill. Now is the time for opponents to keep up the good work of education and explanation. With the G. O. P. a "protective" tariff is more than a theory. It is a fetish. Some of the more wooden-headed members of Congress actually believe what the leaders have preached for years. They are unable, as yet, to see that conditions have changed so that the old formulas no longer apply.

The next few months ought to be a period of tariff education. If the Congressmen will not learn, it is up to the business sense of the country to educate the voters until their representatives will not dare to perpetrate a sky-high tariff with "American valuation" trimmings.

The last few months have witnessed a big stride toward sensible tariff-making. The lesson must be continued.

A Newark caddy who lost an eye after it was hit by a golf ball is suing the golfer for damages. The complaint alleges that the golfer failed to take care to drive over the boy's head or to one side.

If the youngster hopes to win the suit his lawyers must take good care to exclude golfers from the jury. Any one who has ever handled a golf club knows the innate perversity of a golf ball and knows how all the care in the world will fail to make a ball go where it is aimed.

Last spring Commissioner Enright was quoting Shakespeare. Wonder if his classical studies included Plutarch's "Caesar's wife ought to be free from suspicion."

TWICE OVERS.

"THOSE enforcing our Prohibition laws should go to Washington and jail the Senators and Congressmen who made the law possible and are violating it themselves every day."—Magistrate Harry H. Dale.

"THE New York City League of Women Voters believes that municipal government is different from State and national government in that it should be strictly non-partisan and its officials chosen solely for their ability to give an economical, efficient and honest administration."—From statement of the League's constitution. Henry H. Curran.

"I Have Hopes!"

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By John Cassel



From Evening World Readers

What kind of letter do you find most readable?—Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in few words. Take time to be brief.

Help for Unemployed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I, for one, have to laugh when I read what the city is going to do for the unemployed. You know politics. It is nearing election. What did they do last winter for the unemployed? Why, I will tell you: They stripped the city of its police and firemen, gave them shovels and put them to work. It was cheaper. It cost nothing. Don't think that I am finding fault with our city protectors, as they are not to blame. They do as they are told. What I want to know is, will they repeat the same thing this year?

J. G. UNEMPLOYED.
New York, Sept. 22, 1921.

Witch Burning in 1921.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can you inform just why many millions of dollars are appropriated by Federal sanction to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment—just at this time when thousands of soldiers are out of work and to whom these precious surplus millions, expended judiciously in relief work, would prove a real godsend?

As a son of the American Revolution, I am pained to observe the fanatical frenzy with which our amendment is enforced, while the rest of the Constitution is permitted to lie dormant. How many millions have been appropriated lately to enforce the Fourth, Fifth, Tenth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Amendments of the Constitution? Please announce.

Isn't all of this famous old document of equal prominence? Hence deserving unswerving equality in observance? If true, who is responsible for the spasmodic concentration upon the Eighteenth Amendment?

Reviewing the history of the world, I predict that posterity will look back upon the present wave of prohibition "fury" as indubitably akin to the Salem witchcraft era. One old lady was accused of the crime then because she predicted the weather correctly!

Innocent fanatics were in the saddle then as now. But the dry rigidity of to-day are first exhausting themselves with the intensity of their own efforts. And the people at large, too, are much disappointed that the nation is not a brotherly Utopia without sin, as the rigidists promised would accompany prohibition.

To-day we see every legal effort strained to enforce against the comparatively harmless act of a man taking a social glass of good cheer, held by the law as a sin of sins. Murders, hold-ups and burglaries have increased substantially, while alarming increases in drug addiction, attempted rape and arson. A definite percentage of this may be due primarily to Prohibition anabolism.

Public sentiment may awake and function eventually, and the dominating Volstead act may be legally thrown out in the same manner as adopted—really the only way to abolish it, as the Anti-Saloon League scornfully suggests.

The saloon, of course, is permanently gone; in quantum sufficit is the memory thereof; but my belief is that the vast majority of people

would enjoy the moderate use of good beer and pure wines in hotels, cafes and their homes, properly made and taxed under Federal permit. Dignity of the law, digestion and disposition would then function normally. Prohibition agents then could go home and plough up the old farm—producers instead of parasites.

STANWOOD LEE HENDERSON.
New York, Sept. 22, 1921.

From a Hyacinth.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Allow me to partially endorse the letter of "Old Timer," wherein he accuses you of not giving Mayor Hylan fair play.

In addition to the play streets, show baths and the fight for the five-cent fare, Hylan, through Police Commissioner Enright (whom you also unjustly attack) has also made New York City morally cleaner than it ever was.

In accusing him of being responsible for the school shortage, you might just as well go a step further and hold him to blame for the housing shortage. You say he is incompetent, but every one I meet says he is the best Mayor New York ever had.

I believe you oppose him because some time ago he sued The World for libel. Don't be a sorehead—give him a square deal.

REPUBLICAN HYACINTH.
Editor's Note—The suit mentioned was withdrawn by Mayor Hylan.

Better Treatment for Immigrants.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The article "A Foreign Picture of Ellis Island" in your edition of the 21st interested me very much, and I thank Mrs. E. S. for her kind interest in the immigrants at Ellis Island. Something should be done for the poor creatures and they should be treated like human beings. And all young girls should be taken care of by a kindly matron until their relatives claim them. Let us hope for better treatment in the future.

MRS. L. S. W.
Statens Island, Sept. 21, 1921.

The Rent of Land.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why should landlords be permitted to rent land to the people? Did not our Heavenly Father provide the earth for the equal use of all his creatures? Landlords are entitled to the rent of buildings but not to the rent of land. JUSTICE.

Letter Carriers' Hours.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

As the wife of a letter carrier, I have been reading that Postmaster Hays intends to humanize the Post. I hope and pray that he will change to rent land to the people. I have young children and when the alarm clock goes off at 3.30 in the morning the children awake and very often I cannot get them to sleep again and I know that they are annoyed by other neighbors. It also imperils the health of the men to have to go out at such an early hour. My husband has to get up just when he should sleep, and if a man has not

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

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BRAGGING.

Sit on the porch of a summer hotel. Listen to the conversations around you.

Half the people there are trying to impress the other half with their importance.

They tell about their cars and their chauffeurs. They casually allude to the famous people they have met.

They let it be known that they have English butlers and Belgian police dogs and the other outward and visible signs of wealth.

And probably nobody believes them. Braggings is an international custom.

The Hottentot brags of the superior construction of his palm leaf hut.

The Eskimo brags of the size of the pile of dried walrus meat he keeps in his igloo.

The American brags of the store of hooch he has in his cellar and of the tremendous price he had to pay the boot leggers for it.

The hearers of all of them listen politely and later tell their wives that they have been bored by a great number of pointless lies.

The desire for the respect and the praise of others is natural. But neither of these things is valuable unless it is earned.

Telling people what you have done is not going to impress them in the least.

They get the same sort of stories from almost every one they meet.

If you are really important, the fact will be discovered. You will be estimated eventually at pretty much what you are worth, no matter whether you announce your value or not.

Anyway the good opinion of perfectly strange people is of little use to you. It is certainly not worth lying for.

The man who "vaunteth not himself" is usually the man who has or can accomplish something.

If he can accomplish it, he will be given his proper place when the thing is done.

If he has accomplished it, the deed will speak for him. Don't be afraid to tell an employer honestly what you can do. It doesn't pay to underestimate yourself.

But you can afford to let passing acquaintances form their opinions on your appearance and behavior. If they undervalue you they and not you will be the losers.

the proper rest, what can be expected? During these swine hours they have no rest and therefore the two hours of late work is time wasted. If the swine hour is to continue, why not give them a room where they can sleep? I know Uncle Sam will have better results.

Now, as to even the so-called late tour, those early hours are unmerciful and I feel sure the public would stand with the Postmaster General if he gave carriers better hours. All business houses open much later than years ago—some at 10 o'clock—but the poor letter carriers are turned out at 3.30, 4.30 and 5 o'clock. Late tours would be humanizing, also safeguarding all our health.

A LETTER CARRIER'S WIFE.

From the Wise.

The physician should cure his patients; for dead men pay no bills.—Dr. Denman.

A good marriage would be between a blind wife and a deaf husband.—Montaigne.

Every flatterer lives at the expense of the person who listens to him.—La Fontaine.

A good life is the readiest way to secure a good name.—Aurelius.

TURNING THE PAGES

—BY—

E. W. Osborn
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WHEN the Red Cock crows and the engine goes

Bends down the street its warning song

I thrill at the sound of its clangor loud

And join in the rush of the hurrying crowd

Eager to lead where the tender goes

With its load of black and squirming hose

Serpentine in the sloppy street

In purling joints of a hundred feet

From where the hydrant leaks and surges

To the nozzle end with its drenching rays

Fighting its foe in the blazing walls

Headless of risk as the brick-work falls

Oh, rare is the sport when the Red Cock crows

And the engine pump its torments throves!

So writes Don C. Seitz for the Edison Monthly.

Vivid verse, and yet, somehow, we do not see Mr. Seitz running to the fire.

Between Opera and Duty—

On a page of his "Heart and Soul" (Century Company) Mavorie Fox puts a case this way:

Suppose, now, you are a society lady, or a society man, and you have accepted an invitation from a woman friend to motor out to a country place and dine and spend the night—and suppose, when the day arrives, you are offered a box at the opera that night?

As this appeals to you much more than the other, you send a wire to the country at the last minute, postponing an indisposition, and go to the opera.

What of the woman friend—who had made special efforts and invited certain people on your account, and had counted on you as a main consideration in her whole affair?

The question is negligible, it appears, as applied to the case of one who would sell social and friendly duty for a song.

Marriage Verses Biography—

In a paper on biographers, written for the Yale Review, Wilbur Cross says:

Nowhere in English is there, I think, a good biography of a man by his wife. (In the whole, husbands have done more rather better with their wives.)

At once comes to mind Carlyle's "Jane Welsh," but even more attention finally rests not upon the wife but upon the husband in his room after her death.

I remember quite well too the "Impressionistic portrait" which Prof. Palmer drew of his wife, Alice Freeman. He called it "A personal estimate and a solution of a study." But here, again, there was eventually too much of the husband and his sabbatical years when he and his wife traveled Europe.

What Prof. Palmer and others have attempted cannot be done. Wives and husbands cannot be spoken of one another in print.

Not in print, perhaps. But did Prof. Cross ever listen to the biographical sketches published in a divorce court?

A Fool's Wife, Fanny—

May Sinclair, in her "Mr. Widdington of Wyck" (Macmillan) describes thus Fanny, the wife:

She was still a child in her portrait, after seventeen years, with her light, slender body, posed for one of her fights, her quick movements of butterfly and bird, with her small white face, the delicate nose lifted up to the neck, the shadows of her nostrils, her deep blue eyes that gazed at you close under the low black eyebrows, and her brown hair that sprang in two sickles from the peak on her forehead, her raking up to the neck, the curve of the chin, a profile of a cyclops.

All these features set in such strange, sensitive unity that her mouth looked at you and her eyes and hands and hair seemed to speak of one always being young.

Mr. Widdington, we gather, is by way of a house, a pleasant fool, to him, it seems a pity to exhibit the exquisite Fanny, even in a book, as an example of a fool's luck.

Fuel and Joy in Tahiti—

Writing of the simple life on a wonderful island, in his book "Tahiti," George Calderon tells us of some labors of the man Amara:

He needs wood twice a day or more for his fire, and he has a wood stack; the thing has not been lit, but he would lose its savor for Amara if he had a wood pile.

It is a real pleasure for him to find the wood for the fire each time he grins good-humoredly as he reaches the trunk, crooked, dead branch after him.

The children look pleased; his wife comes out and looks at the door, and I grin too. All look pleased.

But what Mr. Calderon takes for pleasure may be for Amara really.

A subtle South Sea joy over freedom from the grip of coal barons and from the peril of the gondola car shortage.

Mothers Courage in Swampland—

In Archibald Rutledge's "Old Plantation Days" (Stokes) we read of the lone bull alligator of Maybank and of how he opened his red mouth to receive the bear cub swept by a flood of his mighty tail into swamp water. But then the rescue:

From the opposite bank of the lagoon the old hunter watched the scene, and when the bear cub crack of a rifle. In a moment the scene was vividly changed.

The old bear, working free of the morass, had reached the cub and stood defiantly over it, his great sides heaving in the fierce agony of maternal fear.

Almost within reach of her paw, the cub, nuzzled by his fierce mother, stirred feebly; and then, with a gasp, he leaped into her haunches, took the cub in his huge, soft arms, rose on her hind legs, and stalked growing out of the morass, disappearing in the purple twilight of the pines.

The hunter could have shot her easily, but being a sportsman and a gentleman, he let the brave old creature carry her baby away in safety.

Courage, devotion and tender strength in a dumb mother! And, some would try to tell us, not a thought near save the human one in the mind of the old hunter.